

# I Died in Berlin: The Acid Poems

## To-Fifths

neon signs-is  
not their night  
not so much  
eternal cafes-not  
at all  
blaze hot light  
cheap women-not  
easy to  
find  
if you don't know  
the exact  
address  
of fury  
from vending machines  
cigarettes glassy  
emerges, a slimy  
palm, claw actually  
& a pack of Marlboro  
people-smoke to  
think monsters-all  
we buried her  
to-fifths

## Lunch God

portrait, in twenty-one variations  
doggerel image  
saved-the same words  
limited vocabulary  
too little energy to pick out  
fish, too little inspiration to create

the metaphor, there are too many reasoned  
ready, not validating, open the  
dictionaries  
& wade in what's vulgar  
learning that simple language  
ridiculous!  
subliminal fishermen  
still get the same bones  
in the meantime, kefir time + scavengers in leaded petrol  
lunched with the body  
of God

## **September 2008**

me at fifteen  
me at hundred again  
heaps of has  
did  
gone mad, steady  
city voice wiped free

new flat  
new car  
television face  
her holy  
initials  
bagful of no  
words  
non-feathered cowards  
left out  
both persons mistaken  
for drifting

me at birth  
me at death  
just words  
breathing fleshless  
feet up  
coating years  
in difference rippled  
between

I died in Berlin  
September 2008

## **Good Luck**

uncomfortable questions  
heard three streets away/or on the phone  
inspire me to eat  
at a small, cozy  
Italian pizzeria, where immediately  
I was offered a job -  
wiping tables, serving pizza  
with millions of unfinished  
songs above my head, with the prospect of work  
for vain brand for many long  
years, but I always liked Italians, so  
I accepted the deal

turned out the joint was guise  
for local Mafia  
I've always had good luck

### **Modern Trains**

steel blood poured on the platform  
elegant girl bounces  
terrified-crowd coughs w/ laughter  
it's just a "Yester" train , I whisper  
taking away the ghosts from the deck  
I also laugh, but w/ a drool of  
mechanical croaking frogs

oh, it is not known  
in the country from which I come  
to our blood poured earlier  
it's no shock  
just  
modern trains

### **Caterpillar Mountains**

I should write about mountains  
challenges, expeditions  
not about loneliness of antennas in spike  
chrome dusk, however, am disputing  
w/ them often, and it obliges a...

cut open  
scene  
filth

...not easy to change your profession  
storm CAT  
caps & feel repulsion  
in the night-abyss cinema  
death draws more than  
the sky  
in the morning such as the...  
wait!  
I do not even want to be \*dreaming\* about  
mountains  
careful,  
being mindful  
not to write

### **Pulse Berlin**

pulse  
Berlin  
curse  
or swim  
song or storm  
or lady

must listen to  
Lakomy  
bury me later

### **Slave Shore Blues**

a slave site, don't despair-done  
your skull, kick start the last candle  
today, the first night of the lone vigils  
we set up the African guards  
reels under your window  
& tales of Satan in the basement  
go graciously after bike  
drive off in Kreuzberg torch  
Chuck Berry kneeling  
at the top of an empty church  
we listened to him often this winter  
snow fell when sirens sounded sirens  
then it was too late to  
form  
reflections from the shore

### **Cloud Dictatorship**

before someone puts out  
another  
monument  
let us remember,  
it's just newspaper  
clippings

milk horses  
pushing carriages &  
late light bulbs  
reach in the end for the purpose of  
Marxist monks  
intently watching  
gas murder

that's setting their robes  
on water  
is that worth all this  
chaos worth all  
that peace, swim  
in, be in?

keep in mind, is it not better  
to honor the cloud?  
today's monument  
tomorrow's insult  
today's freedom  
tomorrow's dictatorship

### **Limit Is Now**

I'm so burnt out, said the young man  
arched in pancake keyholes  
of onpouring orgasm  
oh brave yesteryear's cricket!

notebooks w/out explanations  
coffins w/out  
burial  
market me now  
P.R. Me  
mail me  
Waldo – limit is  
NOW

### **People Of The East**

U-bahn  
S-bahn  
tram  
linear meeting  
empty seats  
clerical tonnes  
loose  
semantically  
discussion  
the roots of rock'n ' roll  
anonymous Black man "you  
want to twist?"  
syncopated keys birds  
Swans frosted  
dark heavy beer  
light heart donors  
houses without flaws, these open forever, smeared  
w/ camels' blood, narcotic visions  
of the people  
of the East

### **River Flare Receiver**

My coat (a)musing-what remains  
in this body, which  
wrote off the pen  
what hasn't been discovered  
in the after math  
shambles of the century  
who climbed to the top of the smartest  
threw angel  
danger muddle  
gutter  
idolized ghosts

Berlin's shortcomings, thought politicians  
took pride in the winding-  
up of the flea  
Communist construction  
and in the Palace - still - blaring music, crumb power  
throws a flare on the river  
si,  
tar

### **Mime Mime**

MIMe launches performance  
& the onstilts dancers  
rave  
on the other side-someone puts  
sculpture, another visionary  
deconstructs the wasteland  
what a threadbare slogan-in  
nothing is empty, everything's back to the form  
obey her tramps explored step  
by step & bards  
I make songs in humble  
quadruplets, classic European  
rhythms, rhymes greedimperial  
few years earlier, roll virus isolation  
by understreet secret rooms  
contagious answering machines  
& eternal rush of feathers of all  
I scored  
until the death of his death  
amen

### **Thank You, Sexy**

a couple of lives / 1 day ago  
she said  
"your poems are nothing"  
& what should they be?  
what's happening now,  
what's special?  
are kings and heroes born?  
what topic does not go  
well  
with faint/fastest screens  
news  
papers?  
so if yours "are nothing"  
already means "pulse of existence"  
then thank you for the  
compliment,  
sexy

## **No Sonnets, Thank You**

cloud, o cloud - where today will  
you  
carry  
my body? yesterday  
I was with your  
drift womb  
it could accept an  
apology

I stayed for a week  
not finished the promised  
line, anyway  
I never wrote sonnets  
a sleazy excuse  
I know  
the roof, the roof is where  
today I'll dive in bio-  
dump & who would lend a warm  
jacket, I could get drunk  
in Berlin  
Görlitzer Park  
too much, I want to say it in one  
row

the Moon, the Moon, take  
my shadow  
home  
and make it  
good tea

## **We Like It**

as if I didn't know who  
angered his  
hair, the  
surer I am who rode the u-bahn  
I, what I, in the opposite direction  
asking uncomfortable questions  
to assigned conductors  
I am yesterday's-gazingly, groan in the blank  
eyes of a woman in designer suit  
listening to Gypsy  
musicians -

- in Irish repertoire  
& my time was up  
I feel sorry for the young man  
whose time has not yet started  
cut shaving & trickles of blood  
still hang on the chin

## **Sofa Hippie**

you used all the bodies, love  
walked  
all bridges  
scratched all stars  
& what's down there in your hand? could it be the  
continents  
changed course? god bless the world  
squandered  
love? why else would you stand  
buy irons  
work shops  
  
flee from eyes  
seeking the place  
of next conquest?  
if I -had it- I would want this tasty morsel  
you squandered  
& would have to fall dead  
  
what kind of monster would like to still-energy  
power, possession  
& yet his name was Hippie  
so naked & innocent/48v in motorbike rim -  
a sofa.

## **Paid Crap**

When only routine knocks  
to the licorice door, & threadbare  
idiom mills eyes yesterday's  
cigarette, it is time to  
retire  
  
maybe for a couple  
years, forget about existence  
of & "being  
yourself" - a horrendously amateur  
job, so that filling it  
digests phlegm dawn  
  
to yesterday's womb  
Today - just pavement were a homeless bum  
becomes a bassist & fires  
flame funk machines  
  
from that moment on  
I count on anything - I'll give him  
your business card – I hope  
he drops by to the  
studio



## News from the City

irrelevant bord  
ers industrial walls  
eaux  
ankle square cubics woodcut  
ters, steerless s  
hips  
tamine  
graves & kebab, Arcanoa & pipes, bells  
the empty church — comes at mid  
night  
watch  
dumb gu  
y,  
tter,  
disembodied laster  
sits in my rocking chair  
fires my grandpa's  
pipe

oh, I am surprised the "hash?", yes, I am  
and today we'll talk?  
starts heartbeat, pushes the pipe, smoke gushes from his  
hat, "I bring news from the city"

## Colleagues

I dropped the busker brand, I would love to be him  
be 50 again  
I was, however, much older, & the young man sighed  
again  
„I'm a loser-boy, boy”  
I don't have a script of life  
by nature – it is not a matter of years, or burnout, but  
look at me, 500y/o carrion  
that still smells  
of  
dawn perfume  
& never has enough  
of  
informed, legitimate  
kicks in the back  
from older, compliant  
colleagues.